

Smoke Pollutes Your Lungs (And Your Good Behaviour)

by [fanfiction_fanfriction](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Aftercare, Alternate Universe - Sugar Daddy, Bottom Steve Harrington, Boys Kissing, Brat Steve, Bratting, Cigars, Come Eating, Comeplay, Coming In Pants, Coming Untouched, Daddy Issues, Daddy Kink, Dirty Talk, Floor Sex, Hair-pulling, Kissing, Love Bites, M/M, Neck Kissing, Older Man/Younger Man, Pet Names, Praise Kink, Punishment, Rich Billy, Rough Kissing, Smoking, Spanking, Sugar Daddy, Swimming Pools, Top Billy Hargrove, Whiskey & Scotch, come stains

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-04-11

Updated: 2018-04-11

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:39:46

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,502

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

Steve knew he was spoiled, after all he'd be raised like that.

It had been six months since he started to live with Mr. William Hargrove. It was summer in Indiana and the two were sitting by the pool. Steve spent his time looking at Billy with pure adoration while Billy smoked a cigar and watched the day pass by. It was a comfortable silence until Steve wanted a try of Billy's very expensive cigar. He wouldn't take no for an answer.

Steve knew he was spoiled, after all Billy made him like that.

Smoke Pollutes Your Lungs (And Your Good Behaviour)

Author's Note:

If there's a heaven, I hope they don't use this against me.

[Follow Me on Tumblr](#)

Steve knew he was a spoiled boy. He was raised that way.

He grew up rich, having everything he ever wanted. He was the king, the golden boy, the top dog of the town. He could have anything and everything he wanted, it made him spoiled rotten by sugar left out, still sweet but spoiled.

Then he got older, a few misplaced arguments happened with his father and he was no longer a trust fund baby. He got kicked off his father's payroll and sent out into the world in nothing but the money he himself had stored away. Maybe that's what started his need for male attention for a daddy to look at him with admiration. He wasn't too sure and didn't often dabble with the idea of his daddy issues.

It had been a rough few months at the start of college. Relying on ramen noodles and the occasional box of macaroni and cheese when it was on sale. He found himself crying every night, itching to crawl back to his father with tears in his big brown eyes and hope to be taken back. But, he could never work up the courage to drive back to Hawkins from Indianapolis.

He ended up dropping out of college, promising that he'd return at some point. He continued to work dead end jobs, eat less than sustainable food and feel himself fall deeper into a pit.

But then he met a Mr. William Hargrove, and that changed everything.

-

Billy had a nice big house outside of the city, he was secluded with a wall and thick foliage. He had made a lot of money by the age of twenty-eight. When he saw Steve for the first time, he knew just like the collection of fast cars and expensive watches, he had to have the boy with the big brown eyes and soft pink lips

It was a summer's day when he was relaxing by the pool, smoking a cigar and watching the clear watcher twinkle under the sun. His baby was on the pool chair next to him, wearing nothing more than tight, small yellow swim shorts. They showed off the tiny bulge of his cock, Billy found it cute. Steve was proud of them because he picked them out by himself and Billy can't argue that he made a good choice.

He exhaled slowly, smoke leaving his mouth in a slow drag. He took his time with expensive cigars like this, even though their cost was pennies to him he liked the feeling of the smoke and how burned in all the right ways.

Steve kept himself busy by examining Billy, he knew he could go inside and grab something to read or do, but the way he smoked left a warm feeling in his gut. There was a method to it that Billy perfected and made it seem so easy. It brought a thought into his head, maybe he could do it too.

Billy looked over to his baby. He could still see the streaks of sunscreen along the boy's pale thighs. He could remember only a little while ago that Steve was being a brat about having to wear sunscreen.

"I'm used to the California sun, you're not. You need sunscreen baby."

"I'm a grown boy, I don't need sunscreen. You act like there is no sun here!"

Steve reluctantly agreed, but held a pout the entire time. But now it seemed not important to him, smiling and looking over at Billy, his daddy.

"Daddy." Steve asked, a hint of a smile.

"Yes, baby?" Billy asked as he exhaled another drag.

"Can I try?" Steve tipped down his Ray Bans to show his doe eyes. He looked like the pinnacle of innocence. On his stomach, long legs on display with his ankles crossed over one another. Resting his chin on his hand while his other plays with the material of the lawn chair.

"Try what, baby?" Billy asked as he exhaled. He dangled the cigar between his pointer finger and thumb. He knew what Steve wanted, but he was still teaching his boy how to ask for things he wants. To use his words.

Steve tried to reach out, but Billy leaned away from his boy.

"Use your words." Billy's tone was stern.

Steve pouted, "I wanna try some of that cigar."

"Why would you want to do that?"

"So I can be big like you!" Steve took off his sunglasses all the way and put them on the side table in between their chairs where a forgotten glass of whiskey sat.

Billy leaned over and patted the young man's ass, "You're a little baby, babies can't have cigars."

Steve pouted even further, "Please." He put on his best puppy dog eyes and leaned even closer to the older man. He even rubbed his thighs together a little bit, knowing how Billy felt about his thighs.

Billy sighed, he couldn't say no to his baby. He knew that he was training him to be a good boy, but sometimes he couldn't help himself. Steve was all his from his fluffy hair that he liked to tug on, to his pink lips that looks sinful around his cock, to his pale thighs and his little pink cock. It was all his from top to bottom, inside and

out.

And that made Steve Billy's greatest weakness.

"Have you ever had a cigar before?" Billy asked and he looked at his baby. He watched Steve shake his head, "Alright, you have to be careful." He put the it in between Steve's lips and said, "now inhale slightly not too much." Then positioned Steve's fingers around it.

Steve did as he was told and inhaled, but did it too fast. Quickly he eyes began to burn and ragged coughs tore from his lungs as they too burned. He coughed so much that he dropped the cigar to the stone ground. His body shook with each cough as he tried to stop. But, he felt proud of himself regardless, he got to try a cigar!

Billy was hovering over him, by that point, hand on his baby's side as he waited for him to stop coughing.

"Can I have a sip of your drink too?" Steve asked in between coughs, not even noticing the fact that he dropped the very expensive cigar on the ground, rendering it finished despite a good chunk of it left.

"Baby, come on. Now you're asking too much. Now I'm going to get dust pan so I can throw out the cigar. You stay here, okay?" Billy left to go inside, knowing that his baby was okay now.

Steve waited until the glass door of the back was closed, looking over his shoulder to watch Billy walk inside. He knew he wasted a cigar, but he'd seen the fancy box that Billy kept all of them in, there must've been twenty others in that box. And it wasn't like his daddy couldn't buy more.

He knew his daddy had money to spare.

When the door closed, Steve quickly reached over and grabbed the glass on the small plastic table. It looked golden brown through the reflection of the bright sun. It looked mesmerizing.

He'd seen Billy drink it a bunch of times, he never understood why he always had it in such small glasses. With ice cubes inside, liquid barely fills the glass. Seriously, he never understood why would you pour just one-third of the glass if you want to keep drinking. Maybe his history of drinking lukewarm beer on stranger's front lawns had made him not used to finer alcohol.

He leaned forward to put his lips at the edge of the glass, slurping the alcohol from there, but instantly pulls back. His eyes screwed shut as he hisses at the burn in his mouth and his entire face turns bright red.

How could Billy drink this so smoothly?

Thinking of Billy drank brought Steve to one of his favourite daydreams while he clutched the glass tightly. The taste still lingering in his mouth. The daydream was of Billy Hargrove spilling some whiskey as he drinks, the liquid falling in tiny streams down to his slightly exposed chest. And Billy calling Steve closer with an inviting movement of his index finger, his eyes dark as he commands boy to lick it clean and Steve can't help but obey, crawling on all fours between his daddy's legs, running his opened palms over Billy's thighs and-

"Baby."

The young man snapped his gaze up to Billy's face as if he did something bad. Well, he did after all.

"Yes Daddy." Steve asked as he quickly put the glass back and tried to act like nothing happened. He curled his knees to his chest as he sat up, trying to make himself as small and cute as possible.

"Are you drinking?"

Steve shook his head, "No daddy." He lowered his head but his eyes are unable to leave Billy's face as older man walked slowly closer, taking his sweet time to approach Steve and all that the young man could do was just try to look as innocent as possible through long eyelashes above puppy eyes.

"What did I say about not drinking? I said no, baby. I leave you alone for one minute and you're already getting into trouble." Billy shook his head and he picked up the discarded cigar, "Baby if I give you an inch, you can't take the mile. That's not what good boys do."

"I didn't do anything wrong" Steve tried to defend himself, but he was caught with his hand in the cookie jar, or rather his hand secure around daddy's glass of expensive whiskey.

Billy shook his head and placed the dust pan on his chair before going over to Steve's. He sat down around the middle of it and beckoned for his boy to come over to him with a crook of his finger. His postured screamed dominance and authority. Steve couldn't help that his knees shook a little.

Steve went over, getting up from the chair then getting back on, on his stomach and across Billy's lap. He knew what he was in for.

"I think you need a spanking sweetheart." Billy said in a cool tone. His palm rubbed against Steve's swim short covered ass. Feeling the softness under his fingertips. He pulled down the yellow swim shorts, exposing Steve's creamy pale ass.

"Why" Steve asked, burying his face in his arm.

"Because." Billy landed the first spank, "You." Then another, "Didn't." Then another, "Listen." Another, "To", Another, "Daddy." And another.

Steve whined at the sensation, he bit back an argument knowing that Billy was in the right.

Billy landed a few more spanks before he rubbed the reddened skin, "Baby you know I don't like to do this, but you need to learn to behave. I don't do this to hurt you."

Steve whined and rutted against Billy's thigh. His cock was painfully hard now. His ass felt so warm against the summer sun and he could

only imagine how red it must appear.

Billy felt Steve rutting against his thigh, he found it almost endearing how small Steve seemed right now. Rutting against his thigh like a little puppy, fitting how often Steve gives puppy dog eyes.

"Are you spoiled baby?"

Steve nodded his head as he continued to grind his hips. He wanted his orgasm so badly, he didn't care that it made him spoiled, or a brat, or a spoiled brat.

Billy landed another hard smack against Steve's cheek. He heard Steve's moan, how could he not. It was loud and drenched in undeniable pleasure. He really needed to start thinking of new ways to punish his baby, it seemed like spanking wasn't doing the job. Regardless he began to lay down more spanks against the already reddened cheeks.

Steve continued to rut against Billy's thigh. He was so close to his orgasm. His hard cock still trapped in his swim shorts, but he didn't care. He couldn't give a care in the world, he wanted to orgasm more than anything, "Daddy."

"Yes, baby."

"I'm sorry." He wanted to orgasm so badly, the feeling was a hand on his hips that continued to thrust the way he did. Erratic and fast with his face plastered against the material of the chair.

"I know you are, just a few more spanks." Billy continued to land them, seeing how dark red his cheeks were becoming. It was a sight to behold, that of a flower coming to bloom, exposing all the colour.

Steve rutted a few more times, the warmth of orgasm curling in his gut. It only took a few more thrusts of his hips before he was squeezing his eyes shut and yelling, "Daddy!" So loud that it echoed through the backyard. Come painted the front of his shorts, leaving a dark wet spot behind. He melted against his daddy's lap and let

himself be spanked a few more times without much noise. *Finally behaving.*

Billy moved Steve off of his lap, noticing that some of Steve's come was staining the front of his expensive pants, "Princess, clean up your messes." He pointed to the area.

Steve dumbly nodded his head, now a good little submissive boy. He was out of his mind for the time being, it would be prolonged when Billy fucked him. He put his face close to Billy's clothed cock and began to lick his come out of the material, not even bothering with his own swim shorts. The salty taste was in his mouth.

Not long after, Billy tugged at the back of Steve's hair, earning a quiet moan, "Does baby want to play?"

Steve nodded his head and moaned louder when Billy yanked on his hair a little harder. He had a notable hair pulling kink, he liked when Billy played with it, but also pulled on it. It made him feel controlled yet adored, exactly what he wanted.

Billy gave one last tug before he let go, "Time to go inside princess." then got off of the chair, "Time for daddy to get his fill too." He stood in front of Steve and brushed his hand along the front of his wet pants to emphasize his point. He grabbed the dustpan and headed inside.

Steve got up and followed Billy inside, grabbing a hold of the older man's wrist as he got lead into the house. Steve looked cute when Billy turned to look at him. All small and cute, with come stained swimwear and his cheeks all red that was just a shade lighter then how his ass looked.

Billy went into the kitchen to discard of the cigar, putting it out fully in the ashtray he kept in there. He came back to find Steve on his

hands on knees, on the couch, fingering himself open with lube covered fingers. The bottle of lube stored in the drawer of the coffee table now on top of the shiny cherry wood table.

Steve looked absolutely gone, putty in Billy's hands to do whatever he wanted. Steve was good like that, he was a good boy once he got an orgasm, allowing himself to be a little toy.

Billy could recall a time after two rounds of sex, Steve was a little bit of a brat still, something that didn't happen often. He was whining about wanting a new toy for his playroom and Billy kept denying. Billy eventually grabbed one of the vibrators that they had in their sex toy chest, put it into his baby and grabbed a wad of fresh, clean hundred dollar bills and shoved it into his baby's mouth to prove a point. Daddy gets to decide what he spends money on. After the bills were in his mouth, Steve came all over himself.

In the sight before him was still filthy.

"Daddy." Steve's voice was low and a slight tremble.

"I'm here, baby. Come on, get on the floor so we have more room." He began to strip off his pants, folding them neatly so they could be washed properly later.

Steve got onto the floor with careful steps, his knees were shivering a little and looked like a little baby deer. He got down on his hands and knees in front of Billy like a good boy.

"So cute." Billy got down behind Steve, he placed a careful hand on Steve's well spanked backside, "You look so beautiful baby, so good for daddy."

Steve moaned at the feeling and bucked his hips a little bit.

Billy positioned himself to the other's tight hole and slowly slid in. The tightness and warmth engulfed him, even after all their time together Steve felt like a dream. He soon pushed in all the way. He began to move his hips, thrusting at a steady pace that caused the boy below him to moan. He took a hold of Steve's face and turned

enough to they could kiss.

The kiss was rough, he could taste the liquor and smoke on his baby's tongue. He came to the quick conclusion that he didn't like that. He liked when his baby tasted like sweet cherry lollipops and salty come, more appropriate things to keep his mouth around rather than a cigar or a glass of whiskey.

"Daddy." Steve whined in the kiss.

Billy soon moved his head away to the slender, smooth skin of his boy's neck. He began to kiss, suck and nip at the skin. Creamy skin turning hues of pink and red. He loved how his baby carried bites like that, always wearing shirts that showed them off. It only made him want to do it more and more.

"Daddy, you're so big."

"I know, baby, but you can take it so well. You always do because you know that you're a good boy. Such a good boy for me." Billy praised and Steve shivered under the weight of the words.

He loved praise.

Steve whined and rolled his hips ever so slightly. Billy kept his hands firm on the other's hips to keep him place.

"Daddy."

"Behave, I know you're a little princess but right now you have to listen to your king. Remember, daddy is the king. You have to listen to me. Now let Daddy make both of us feel good."

Steve nodded his head and cushioned his head on his arms as he felt every thrust radiate through his body. He wanted to be a good boy for his daddy, that's what craved. He craved Billy's approval. He loved the way the older man smiled at him and ran his fingers through his hair. He liked when they went to warm places for the winter, and loved when Billy didn't make fun of him for not finishing college.

"That's my good baby. You're allowed to come whenever you want" Billy encouraged.

Steve whined, his cock was already hard again. Billy would joke however about how insatiable he was. He couldn't help it, how could he when his daddy was one Billy Hargrove, the embodiment of sexiness. He couldn't help but be turned on all the time, no matter how much training they do.

Billy began to pick up the pace, he gripped onto Steve's hips a little tighter. Enjoying the hot tightness around his cock, his baby always felt amazing, no matter how many times or where they do it. It always breaks away at Billy's resolve, it was a drug that he couldn't get enough of. No amount of blow, liquor, smokes could give him that rush Steve gave him. His little boy, he found all sad with no money and not taking care of himself, with his daddy issues and blow job lips. Billy was immediately entranced by him.

"Just like that daddy, thank you!"

At least his boy knew *some* of his manners.

Steve continued to feel the rushes of pleasure trace up and down his body like a sick heat that made him whine for more. He loved his daddy's cock inside of him, he wanted it more and more. He knew he could be called every name in the book; greedy, bratty, spoiled, no good. But he couldn't give a shit, being the boy was allowed for him to have a daddy along with the finest things money could buy. It also didn't hurt that Billy could outspend his parents threefold. But, he stuck around because he got everything he wanted, not just shiny goods, but the affection he craved, the sex he needed and the attention he would do anything for.

He had Billy's eyes on him how could he want anyone else?

Billy moved as fast as he could, the thrusts were beginning to lose their rhythm. Steve felt so fucking good, he let out a shuddered breath as he continued to thrust, it was barely audible over his baby's

loud moans. Steve was always a screamer... And a scratcher. He continued to mouth at the creamy expanse of Steve's throat, he could taste the sweat on his skin and the warmth under his pulse.

"Oh daddy, please."

"That's it princess, always a pleaser. You like when daddy takes you like this don't you? You know that daddy could take you anywhere and you'd still bend over for him, exposing that cute little hole of yours. You let yourself get fucked by daddy often, isn't that right princess?" He bit a large mark on Steve's neck, feeling the tremble of the other's body under him, "You want to be a good boy don't you? I remember when I found you, you were so small, hungry not only for anything other than ramen, but also thick cock. With lips like those, you could've gotten into big trouble."

"I could've." Steve weakly agreed.

"I'm lucky that I found you then. You're safe with me, spoiled rotten and fucked throughly." Billy emphasized with a hard thrust.

"I'm lucky, I'm lucky!" Steve cried out. He was so close to orgasming again, the feeling was like a punch in the gut the second time around. Taking him off guard, but just as powerful.

"Yeah, we're both lucky. You're such a good boy, you're a brat, but you're so good. You know that you look good on your knees, you know that you can take cock like a professional and you know that it will get you anything."

"I won't get me everything." Steve whined.

"Shh, shh, not arguing princess." Billy growled in his boy's ear.

Steve nodded his head and bucked up his hips. He was so close to coming, he could feel the rush of pleasure pump through his veins. It was making him dizzy. With a few more careful thrusts, Steve was arching his back at the sensation.

"That's it princess, that's it. Come for me, baby." Billy's voice was a low purr and it rippled through Steve's pleasure wrecked body.

Steve let out a loud moan and slumped onto hardwood floor, come smeared across his abdomen and the floor below. He let out a weak sigh. Billy kept his bottom half up as he continued to pound away at his hole. His body shivered at the aftershocks of pleasure bouncing through his body.

Billy kissed the back of the other's head before he put all of his effort into fucking his boy. He could tell how wrecked the young man was under him, he could feel his own orgasm approaching.

"That's it princess, that's it. So good for me, you know how to behave. You want sweet things, shiny things and come. Isn't that right?"

Steve nodded his head, he couldn't argue with that. Those are all the things he wanted, plus some other things. But, at that moment his brain wasn't functioning enough to add them or even think about them. He made a low noise at the sound of Billy's praise.

He was a good boy.

Billy continued his rough pace and gripped onto Steve's hips tightly as he did so. Everything felt wet, hot, dirty and it made Billy groan at the sensation, "Good boy, good boy. Fuck yeah princess." He could take in the sight of his wrecked baby forever, noticing the blush on his cheeks to the bites along his neck to his abdomen smeared with come. It was perfect, Steve was perfect.

With a few more hard thrusts that pushed Steve further against the hardwood floor, Billy let out a loud, "Oh fuck!" before he came inside the younger man. He could hear Steve moan at the feeling of sticky come inside of him.

After a few moments, Billy was able to catch his breath enough to

slide out of Steve. He carefully placed his baby flat out on the floor. He kissed along his back through heavy breaths, still trying to catch it after the orgasm he had.

"Daddy." Steve mumbled. His head was still in a haze, his body still didn't feel like cooperating.

"Yes, baby." Billy petted along Steve's hair, most of it now stuck to his forehead or the nape of his neck. It was still soft to the touch and comforted the boy.

"I'm a good boy, right?" His voice was a small mumble.

Billy kissed Steve's cheek, "Of course, always a good boy. You're a spoiled boy, but you're *my* spoiled boy. No one else can have you, you're all mine to take care of and make feel good."

Steve moved a little bit, sitting upright and wincing at the cold hardwood against his reddened ass. He brought Billy's hand to his face and kissed the ring that he always wore, on the right hand ring finger, "You're mine too."

Billy chuckled and pulled his boy into his lap carefully, "always yours. No matter how many times you disobey me. It means that I just have to train you better. Tonight, you're wearing the collar and the cock cage."

"But daddy."

"No buts, unless it's over my knee and red. You might be behaving now, but I know that you like to get into trouble when I'm not looking." He kissed Steve's neck once more, "Do it for daddy."

Steve slumped against him, "Fine." His arms crossed and pout across his lips, just like a little kid. A spoiled little kid.

Billy took a moment to kiss Steve's lips an attempt to kiss the pout off of him. He held both of Steve's hands to his sides. He whispered in his baby's ear, "Come on, you were being so good. Don't be too spoiled right now and listen to daddy."

Steve tipped his head back to look at him, "But, daddy I made you feel good! I should get rewarded."

"Do it for daddy." Billy warned again and kissed Steve again when his boy gave a small nod in agreement.

Steve knew he was a spoiled boy, after all daddy made him that way.

Author's Note:

Please [Follow Me on Tumblr](#) I'm lonely